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tions successfully performed.

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and carefully attended to.
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machines, pumps of all kinds, presses, cranes,
pistons, &c., steadily and promptly repaired.
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Oxford County Advertiser.

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NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1884.

NO. 28.

POETRY.

She's Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The street was wet with the winter's snow,
And the woman's face was aged and low.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, unheeded for aunt the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offering a helping hand to her.
She stood so long, and waited so,
Till the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the horse troop,
The gayest kind of all the group.
He passed beside her, and whispered low:
"If you will, come with me to go."
He held her hand on his strong young arm,
And guided the trembling feet along.
He led her to the house of her son,
Then back again to his friends he went.
His young heart happy and well content,
For she was old and poor and gray,
And "somebody's mother" loved her
head.
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

Written for the Advertiser.

Sukey Witherton's Disappointment.

David Budget was a bachelor.
Nevertheless he had a tender spot in
his heart, just the same as everybody
else. Sukey Witherton was an old
maid and likewise had her ideas of
the masculine gender, and had often said
that if any man ever came a courting
her he must come to the subject of
matrimony at once without going
round Robin Hood's barn and asking
her if she understood making butter
and cheese, raising chickens, and ap-
plying cayenne pepper to chilled lambs
and last but not least he must answer
three questions to her satisfaction viz.:
how long had his wife been dead?
Had he placed stones at her grave?
And did he respect his mother-in-law?
You see Sukey presumed on marrying
a widower probably for the reason that
she thought no man would ever remain
single until he was old enough to marry
her. But on that point I am not
conversant.

Now we will leave Sukey with her
gloomy forebodings in her far out
west home and return to David Budget
who was born and brought up in the
good old Pine Tree State, and having
fulfilled his promise to his dying moth-
er, who was so anxious to marry as long
as Betty, his crippled sister lived, and
now that he had buried her beside his
mother thought he would try his luck
in the pines of the far West. David
had a fair amount of common school
knowledge and had read much of late
reading to the fine opportunities of in-
vesting money in Western timberlands
until at last he became quite infatuated
with the idea, so one morning
without bidding good bye to even his
nearest neighbors, he bought a ticket
at the nearest station in Ex. Co. for the
glorious West. This movement created
no little stir at the Four Corners,
and when the farmers collected at night
to bring their produce in exchange
for salt fish, coffee and molasses the
subject was handled and passed from
one to another until it was on every
tongue in the place and carried to
nearly every home in town. Each
farmer as he handed out his groceries
to his waiting wife exclaimed: "David
Budget has gone out west bag and
baggage." "Why do you say?" and
his wife told him and "he's sartin out
of his mind" were some of the answers
of the good farmers wives.

Now David's sudden departure was a
sore disappointment to some of the
mothers in Ex. County, especially so to
several who had daughters that were
plenty old enough to be married.
There was Nancy Ordway who had
confessed to thirty eight five years be-
fore, and Emeline Jenkins who never
would tell her age, and several others
that looked into their plates longed
for salt fish, coffee and molasses when
they thought of David Budget had gone
out west. The dear spinsters recalled
the nice savory and tempting dishes
they had carried to the little crippled
Hattie, in reality for the purpose of
coaxing a tender word from David.
But all attempts to win him failed and
as soon as "little Hattie fell asleep" he
took to reading, the result of which
was his departure already described.
It was useless to follow him in his
journey further than to say that he
travelled as a gentleman should quietly
minding his own business until he
reached the great timber districts of
the West.

The little town we will call Promp-
ton, and the only inn or lodging house
was kept by the father of Sukey With-
erton. Now Sukey was not long in
learning that David Budget was from
the jumping off state and thinking that
a Yankee would be a better husband
than no husband concluded to clap in
her false teeth though they hurt her
mouth awfully, try a little and play
the agreeable. She even got jealous of
every girl who ventured to ask who
the new lodger was and where he came
from. "He's just who he is and came
from just where he started from" was
Sukey's tart reply. One girl whom
Sukey especially envied was Nannie
Adams. She was a young lady of
plenty bearing, could sing and play the
piano finely and besides could speak
several languages with ease. She was
educated in New England where moth-

How Circus Lemonade is made.

Signalling that it was all right, the
circus man lifted up the flap of the tent
for the reported to enter, and quickly
followed him inside.

"This," he said, "is where all the
circus lemonade is made, and," glanc-
ing at his watch, "if you will wait a few
moments you will see it done."

In the center of the tent stood a
large box, and on one side two huge
barrel-shaped tanks, each with a spigot,
was placed on strong rests somewhat
similar to a saw-horse. In a short time
three men entered, and one of them
proceeded to unlock the box, the sides
of which at once fell apart, disclosing a
very compact and solid-looking engine,
the steam for which was conducted
through a pipe leading to one of the
boilers in the cooking tent, while the
other two brought a large tub, which
they laid on the ground and nearly
filled with filtered water drawn from
one of the tanks. A steel lemon-squee-
zer was then attached to two from arms
of the engine, and a very worn and old
lapidated-looking half of a lemon placed
into the tub. Steam was turned on,
and the squeezer began its work, the
lemon emitting the most mellowing
groans of agony under the water as the
pressure became more and more severe.
Gradually these doleful sounds ceased,
and the liquid assumed an am-
ber-like hue; while a faint odor of le-
mons filled the air of the tent.

"That'll do; take it out," said the
engineer, shutting off steam, and the
dripping squeezer was withdrawn from
the tub, the unhappy half lemon being
carefully dried in a clean cloth and
placed in a small iron safe which was
then locked. The liquid in the tub
was then stirred vigorously with a
hermetically-sealed glass bulb fastened
to the end of a stick, the bulb being
filled with the best white sugar. The
man who stirred the mixture stopped at
intervals to taste it, and, after remark-
ing "there, I guess it's sweet enough,
let's get it out, Bill," with the help of
his companion carried the tub away.

"This machine is the only one in the
world," said the engineer proudly, as
he patted the engine in a loving way,
and its secret couldn't be bought for
\$50,000. Why, with this here machine
I can make more lemonade with one
lemon than any other circus man can
with 500 bushels of 'em. The pressure
on that squeezer can be graduated from
your pressure to your pressure, and the
square inch, and one lemon will make
lemonade for six months at the rate of
100 gallons a day."—Philadelphia
Record.

Good Business Rules.

Business men, especially those who
are thorough, prompt and methodical,
are guided by certain elementary prin-
ciples. In some cases, the principles
are formulated into simple rules, which
cover even the details of conduct.

A prominent New York banker at-
tributes his success in business to the
care with which he obeyed these plain
rules:

Take time for eating, sleeping and
digestion.

"Don't worry," he said, "be satisfied with your
work, after doing it well."

Never ask another to do what you
ought to attend to personally.

Shun the slightest appearance of dis-
honesty, as you would shun the plague.

Always meet your appointments on
time. Never late. If possible, not
much ahead of the moment.

Don't talk too much. Let your ac-
tions speak for yourself.

Be honest, even if you lose money
by it.

Never let business interfere with
home duties.

Remember that money alone cannot
buy peace, nor true friends, nor a lov-
ing family.

It is refreshing, in these days of
speculation and dishonest dealings, to
know that a man can live according to
the above principles and yet make mon-
ey. It shows the simplicity of a con-
fiding child. The sharper then went
into the hallway of No. 101 and as
might be supposed went out the back
way leaving the unsophisticated for-
eigner waiting for an "easy job." After
waiting four hours Kreger reported
his loss at the fourth precinct station.
He was sent back to Castle Garden in a
penalistic condition.

A prominent citizen, displeased at an
article in the paper, met the proprietor,
and said, "I wish to stop your paper."

He answered, "Do you mean to discon-
tinue your copy, or stop the whole edi-
tion as it makes some difference?"

How to get a good husband. First
get a good man—then go to the elder's.

The Schoolmaster's Promise.

"Boys," said an old schoolmaster,
smiling, one day, "I am about to bar-
gain with you for good conduct. I de-
sire that you will behave yourself with
decorum for one week, and I will prom-
ise to show you a curiosity—what no
man ever saw, and, having shown it to
you, what no man will ever see again."

An anxious week followed—a week of
curiosity, bewilderment, hope, and
pleasure in embryo. Out of school it
was all the talk—"What could it be?"
Another and another day, until the last
Saturday dawned upon our gladdened
young hearts. Nine o'clock came; ev-
ery urchin was at his post; books and
slates all in readiness; every task com-
mitted to memory. Altogether a charm-
ing state of affairs. "Tinkle, tinkle!"
sounded the bell—that bell had a voice
as well as a tongue. Mr. Birchen en-
tered, seated himself, then raised the
lid of his desk, and drew the wonderful
thing forth—adjusted his ominous-
looking spectacles astraddle his nasal
protection, and proceeded to the sol-
emn ceremony, saying, "The hour has
at length arrived. Behold in my up-
raised hand a single filbert. In this fil-
bert is a kernel," ceremoniously break-
ing the shell, and exposing the tiny
thing to view, he continued, "This no
man ever saw;" then opening his ca-
pacious jaws he thrust in the myste-
rious kernel, crushed and swallowed it.

"Boys!" he exclaimed, with great em-
phasis, "boys, you will never—I shall
never—no man ever will see that ker-
nel again! To your lessons, you ras-
cals, every one of you."

About Babies.

Babies are natural born dentists. At
a very early age they commence cut-
ting teeth.

A certain cure for spring fever is to
have a cross baby in the house. They
will prevent everybody from becoming
lazy.

"Every man must sleep according to
his temperament," says a prominent
physician. That physician does not
know much. Every man's sleep de-
pends on the temperament of the baby,
or the babies next door.

An exchange says that a baby is the
oasis of married life. There is nothing
green about him, however, when he
pokes his father, in a ballet costume,
walk up and down the room with him
all night in the dead of winter.

The prevailing fashion for babies this
season is light hair and blue eyes. Blon-
de babies, who have been neglected for
the past few years because out of style,
will now please step forward and take
their cake.

There is one thing about babies,
said a recent traveler, "they never
change. We have girls of the period,
men of the world; but the baby is the
same self-possessed, fearless, laughing,
voracious little heathen in all ages and
in all countries."

Man.

Man that is born of woman is small
potatoes and few in the bill.

He rises up to-day and to-morrow or
the day after the undertaker has him in the
ice-box.

He goeth forth in the morning war-
bling like the lark, and is knocked out
in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and
the tax-collector pursueth him wherever
he goeth.

The banister of life is full of splinters,
and he slideth down it with considera-
ble rapidity.

He walketh forth in the bright sun-
light to absorb ozone, and meeteth the
bank-teller with a sight-draft for \$357.

He cometh to home at eventide and
meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path,
and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth
upon him and runneth one of its legs
into his ear.

In the gentle Spring-time he putteth
on his summer clothes, and a blizzard
strieth him far away from home, and
filleth him with woe and rheumatism.

He layeth up riches in the bank, and
the speculative speculator in margins
and then goeth to Canada for his health.

In the Autumn he putteth on his
winter trousers, and a wasp that abid-
eth in them, filleth him full of intense
excitement.

He starteth down cellar with an ole-
ander, and cometh forth lastly, and the
oleander cometh after him and sitteth
upon him.

He sitteth up all night to get the re-
turns from Ohio, and in the end learn-
eth that the other fellows have carried
it.

He buyeth a watch-dog, and when he
cometh home late from the lodge the
watch-dog treateth him and sitteth be-
neath him until rosy morn.

He goeth to the horse-race and bet-
teth his money on the brown-mare, and
the day gelding with a blaze face win-
neth.

He marryeth a red-headed heiress
with a wart on her nose, and the next
day her paternal ancestor goeth under,
with few assets and great liabilities,
and cometh home to live with his be-
loved son-in-law.—Puck.

The White Mountain Echo com-
menced its seventh annual excursion
June 28th. Bro' Addy predicts a busy
season and the Echo will boom it.
Hotel men should see to it, that they
have public mention in its columns
each week. The tourist searches the
Echo for summer homes.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Shears and Paste-Pot Editor.
Criticism upon the views advocated in these
columns is solicited, and any reasonable
space will be given correspondents for that
purpose, or for the purpose of discussing any
other subjects connected with rural affairs. Com-
munications intended for the Grangean, con-
sidered, should reach this office on Saturday preced-
ing publication.

Maine Farming.

One day the present week, the scrib-
fell in with Hon. Z. A. Gilbert, Sec-
retary of the State Board of Agriculture.
Mr. Gilbert, as Maine farmers are well
aware, is one of the most progressive
and intelligent agriculturists in the
State, and knows all about farming, not
only in theory but in practice. His
official duties are constantly carrying
him to different parts of the State, and
among the farmers of the State, con-
sequently he is thoroughly posted on the
status of Maine agriculture. The Sec-
retary conversed freely and understand-
ingly.

"What is the outlook for the hay
crop?" we asked.

"In the north and north eastern por-
tions of the State, it is good. In Penob-
scot county I find the grass lodged in
many instances. The hay crop will do
well enough if let alone. This is a
late season and consequently it is not
half grown. I shall not commence cut-
ting mine until the week after the
Fourth."

"It is reported in Kennebec county
that the apple crop will prove rather
below the average. How about this?"

"I have been looking over the trees
for a week past, and find the prospect
good with the exception of Baldwins,
which will be light. The trees bloss-
omed very full in the spring. Last
year the crop being light, it was sup-
posed there would be a liberal yield
this season; but there is some agency
at work on the trees which we are not
acquainted with. Miscellaneous sorts
will hang full of fruit, especially bellows
and greening trees."

"Is the status of Maine granges a
satisfactory one?"

"Our granges are in good healthy
condition and have settled down on a
substantial foundation. We have
some excellent men connected with the
order, and who are among the most
solid of the State. They are in full
sympathy with the grange and will
support it unswervingly."

"How about the agricultural experi-
ment station?"

"The farmers demand it, and it will be
established."

"Is the State College prospering?"

"The State College never stood bet-
ter, taking it in all its branches. The
college is performing a good work,
doing it economically. There is no
similar institution in the country where
so much work is done for so small an
amount of money. All connected with
the college are hard working men.
Every expenditure is carefully watched.
The farm is making a good showing."

"Are creameries gaining a foothold
in the State?"

"The creamery system is making sat-
isfactory progress. I don't wish to see
a feverish condition. The system is
adapting itself to the farmers' needs
with a great deal of promise."

"Do you take your milk to a cream-
ery?"

"No. I have a private creamery of
my own, so to speak. I keep forty
head of cattle, twenty-five of which
are cows. I use the Mosley and Cool-
ey creamers. I have Jersey cows
chiefly, and employ four men on my
farm. Have not sold any butter in
this State for three years. I market it
almost wholly in Boston. I believe
that the Durham cow is profitable as
the Jersey."—Lewiston Journal.

An overfed hen will not lay well.
Feed generously but avoid the kind of
food likely to produce fat, such as corn
and warm cooked food. Wheat, or
shorts and middlings are excellent ar-
ticles for the purpose containing as
they do many of the elements of which
the white of an egg is composed. Meat
is a valuable auxiliary in egg produc-
tion. When used for this purpose it
should be both fat and lean, the fat
supplying the place of corn. It should
also be sweet and palatable. Tainted
meat or fish should never be given to
fowls, as it will injure their health,
affect the flesh and communicate to the
eggs an unpleasant flavor. The flesh
of fowls as well as the eggs will decay
more rapidly if fed on putrid meat.

Whatever is given to laying hens
should be in such a form as to be easily
digested. Ground bone and milk are
excellent for them. As the hens get
old or the close of the laying season is
at hand the diet must be more stimu-
lating. Cayenne pepper should be
used freely, and more meat given.
Special provision must be made for the
production of shells. When obtaining
the clam or oyster shells may be crushed
raw and fed to the hens but if not fresh
the shells should be burnt to destroy
the decaying animal matter adhering to
them. The same rule holds good with
regard to crushed bone. Oats and
wheat contain more lime than other
grains. A good mixture combining
both shell and digestive material, con-
sisting of ten parts of powdered raw oyster
shells, two of cayenne pepper and one
of powdered sulphur. For twelve hens
give two table-spoons three times a
week. Another mixture is formed of
a peck of shorts, a peck of burned bones
or shells and a pound of sulphur. The
allowance for twenty five hens is one
cupful daily with a little scalded meal.

Look over your poultry as they grow up.

select the bright active well propor-
tioned birds and breed only from them.
Do not be anxious for size as for com-
pactness and small bone, even among
the larger varieties. Bear in mind
that the extra pound or two of bone
which you may get this year will make
your market customers shy of the same
style next year. A chicken is a chicken
but a long backed lean hank chicken
is the one that hangs on the meat stall
after Christmas. It is admitted by
many experienced persons that the
bone of the Brahma variety is much
larger than formerly. This has been
brought about by the strife for the
bird that will bring down the scales.
Look out for squareness and depth of
body for market poultry even if the
weight be slightly less per bird. You
will gain much in the end in establish-
ing your reputation as a careful breeder.
We are addressing farmers more espe-
cially. We have them in mind, for how
can the poultry be permanently impro-
ved if the farmers do not second the
efforts of the fancy breeders? Where
would have been the Jersey, Short-
horns, Swiss, Herefords, Ayrshires,
and Holsteins, had it not been for the
efforts of these same fancy breeders?

How to DESTROY MAY BEETLES.

A writer in Vick's Magazine relates
his mode of destroying the May beetle,
or June bug. He states that he has
practiced his method for the past five
or six years with the most satisfactory
results. "In the first place, I save all
the trimmings of trees, bushes, and lit-
ter of every kind which will burn and
make a good blaze. I keep it all until
the period arrives at which the beetle
commences to fly in the evening, as
they are nocturnal insects. I then
commence building bonfires in several
places in the evening, and keep them
going for two or three hours for several
evenings, making as much blaze and
light as possible. The flames and light
attract the beetles by hundreds and
thousands, and the result is they fly
in and are burned up. At the time
I commenced this practice I used to
find thousands of beetles in the spring
when I worked my fruit patches, but
this spring there has been only one
beetle discovered which I have heard
anything about, and I presume he must
have been an immigrant. In company
with the beetles there are thousands of
moths and millers fly into the flames
and are destroyed, which I believe
have destroyed more of them than the
beetles."

An Arkansas Divorce Case.

Several days ago a young negro and
his wife appeared before Simon Patter-
son, a black knight of the rural Arkan-
sas bench and demanded a divorce.

"What's de trouble 'twixt yer?"
asked old Simon.

"I kin't lib wid her an' she kin't
lib wid me," replied the husband.

"Why kin't yer?"

"Cause she ain't eddycated up ter
my standpoint."

"I see better eddycated den he is,
Jedge, case I kin read an' he kin't,"
said the woman.

"Oh, she moult lab more book-larnin'
den I has, boss, but her knowledge
ain't de kind wot suits de under-
signed. She kin spell cat an' dog, but
she kin't spell libd cabbage to suit
me. Every time I comes to de house,
I finds dis o'man han'lin' her book, but
I does't wuster notin' bilin' in de pot."

"Ef yer waster fethin' suthin' in de
house, yer wot small bit bilin' in de
pot," rejoined the wife.

"Oh, dat's my look-out. De
o'man's duty ez I un'erstands de case,
is ter furnish suthin' ter eat. Dat's
wot I married yer fur. Kain't speek
me ter keep up de reputation of de
family an' hussle for bread. I longes
ter de city."

"Madam," said the Justice, "de case
is argin yer. De Bible says dat yer
o'man must mind wot her husband
says. Ef he tole yer to put suthin' in
de pot, an' yer did de do it, why den
yer's laid yerself out. Mr. Clark,
write out er 'vorce fur dis gentleman,
but don't gin one ter de lady."—Texas

